# The Crime of the

### W. F. MOTT.

CHAPTER II. - (Continued). There was a window in the side wall of the interior room which Paxton examined, discovering that it was not se-cured, although it was provided with interior fastenings of an approved kind. He pushed up the sash and found that the heavy outside shutters with which it locked. was guarded were not fastened-that the hooks had been broken. He saw, moreover, that the window opened upon a narrow passage between that and the mext building.

The police sergeant kept close to the detective as though he feared he would make some discovery which might escape his own unguided observation, and he noted all Paxton saw.

It was Mr. Paxton's method never to

ask any questions until he had thoroughly examined the scene of a crime, and thus in the first instance his mind was unbiased by what might be told him. Now having concluded his investiga-

tion for the present, he addressed several questions to Marion and Judith Kredge. "Miss Oakburn, did you hear the report of a pistol or any unusual sound before you discovered your father?" he

asked. "No, sir, I heard nothing, although I have not slept to night," answered "And did you hear nothing?" contin-

med Paxton, turning to Judith Kredge "Nothing, s.r," she replied. "When you came to the office, I think you told the policeman that you found

the door unlocked?" Paxton went on, now addressing Marion. "Yes, sir, it was unlocked." "And the street door?"

Marion turned to Judith. "That was also unlocked and unbolted, as I found when I went to open it," the woman said.

"Was there any one besides you and this woman in your apartments to-night, Miss Oakburn? Marion hesitated for a moment, and

then she said: "Mr. Stuart Harland, a c'erk employed by Mr. Garrison, occupied our front room directly over the office."

But he is not there now, sir. I ran up to his room as sooh as we discovered that Mr. Oakburn was murdered. I am sure I don't know what can have become of him, for he went to his room as usual quite late, and as I sleep in a room adjoining his I heard him moving about a few moments before Miss Marion rapped at my door and asked me to go down and look for her father. I noticed when I looked into his room that his traveling-bag was gone," said Judith

Marion's face assumed an expression Kredge a glance full of aversion and Mr. Paxton and the police sergeant ex-

changed significant glances.

"Excuse me a moment," said the detective, and he slipped out of the office. He returned very quickly, for he had only run up to Stuart Harland's apartment and hastily searched it. He discovered nothing except that the bed had not been opened that night. A short consultation between the de-

tective and the police sergeant ensued, "You are right, sir; Mr. Garrison should be sent for at once.

Acting upon this decision, he dis-patched one of his men to the broker's residence with a hastily written note containing information of the tragedy which had been enacted at his office. Marion, seemingly exhausted by grief

and excitement, had seated herself beside her dead father, and with her face buried in her hands she remained silent and motionless, while Judith Kredge stood by a window and listened eagerly to a conversation which was carried on in low tones between the police sergeant and one of his men. Judith Kredge did not possess a good

face; rather it was one to awaken distrust in the mind of the observer. She coarse features, thin bloodless lips, and small yellow eyes set clore together under beetling brows. Her age was about ifity. Her life had not been cast in pleasant places, and she had grown to hate those who were happy because she was not so. She was envious of all persons who were in the possession of the advantages of life of which fate had deprived her. In disposition she was vindictive and cruel. She was cunning, unscrupulous and daring to a certain degree, and avarice dominated every other passion in her heart Just at this moment there were

strange thoughts in Judith Kredge's She was plotting seemingly to turn certain secrets of this dreadful night of murder to her own profit.

Mr. Jason Garrison, the broker, ar rived in less than thirty minutes, and he was pale and agitated.

Suspense and anxiety were written toon his features as he burst into the office, and as though oblivious to presence of anyone rushed to John Oak-burn's desk and began to examine a file of cheques which he took from a drawer. His hands trembled the while so that he could scarcely hold the papers, and he experienced the keen agony of a game-eter to khom the turning of a card or the calling cut of a number is almost a matter of life or death, as he ran over

the file of che ues.
"He is searching for something of vital importance to his interest," said Paxton, sotto voca. "Not nere: There is one chance left!"

exclaimed Jason Garrison, totally uncoascious that he spoke, and turning to a small memorandum book he hurriedly looked over its pages. The next moment the book fell from

his nerveless grasp, and he sank forward as though prostrated by a nervous shock.

"I am a ruined man!" he exclaimed. Paxton quickly sprang to his side. "You have sustained a serious loss by this robbery, sir?" he asked.

Jason Garrison raised his pale, hag gard face, and, bringing his clenched fist fiercely: I tell you, man, I am ruined. Hope-

"Then there was a large sum of money in the safe?" asked Paxton.

"I am a detective, and I am sure, my dear sir, that it will be to your interest to conceal nothing from me."

"I have nothing to conceal!" cried Garrison, in a way that in the detective's judgment belied his words. "I will ex-plain, sir," he continued. "Yesterday afternoon I gave my unfortunate cashier, John Oakburn, a cheque for \$78,000, and instructed him to cash it at the bank, and keep the money over night here in our safes, as we were to have an urgent demand for it early in the morning. The sergeant's note informed me that there was no money in the safe, a d I find the cheque missing from the file of small cheques where I saw John Oakburn place it. More, in this book I found my cashier's memorandum, which dashed to the ground my one hope that

Mr. Garrison picked up the book which he had dropped on the floor, and turn-ing the leaves he read the following in John Oakburn's handwriting: "Dec. 23, cashed cheque for \$78,000 to-

"Seventy-eight thousand dollars. A large cheque. But here in the great money center of the country among you brokers, I suppose the amount is not surprising. However, it has been stolen by John Oakburn's murderer. Seventyeight thousand dollars is quite a haul for a thief, but let us hope that we will recover the stolen money," said Paxton. "We already have a clew to the assas-

sin," the police sergeant said. "Whom do you suspect?" asked the broker. "Let me give you a synopsis of the

case and you can draw your own deduc-tions. The office door was found un-Nothing to be noted in that, since it was probably so left by the cashier when he entered. The street door was also unlocked, and the bolts, which were on the inside, were drawn. The safe was opened by means of John Oakburn's key. A window in the rear office is unfastened. Now, it is clear to my mind that the assassin was an inmate of this house—one who knew the combination of the safe and that there was money in it. He surprised John Oakburn, shot him, took the key from his pocket, opened the safe, secured the money and then unbarred the street door and fled. But our assassin and robber was cunning. He thought he would leave a loophole of doubt in the theory which would be formed of the crime, and so he opened the window in the rear office, pried off the fastening of the shutters, and left them so as to give the impression that the assassin might have roken into the office by that route. Now, sir, who among your clerks knew the combination of your safe loca? Who among them knew that \$78,000 was to be left in the safe over night?"

Thus spoke the police sergeant. He had taken a position in the center of the room, and scoke and gesticulated in a pompous manner, like some political stump orator. It was clearly evi-dent that he fancied he had the entire case under his thumb.

"Only one person except John Cakburn knew the combination of the safe and that the stolen money was to be kept in it over night, and that person is above suspicion, sir," answered Mr. Garrison.

"His name, if you please?"
"Stuart Harland," answered the proker, and then as the name passed his ips he started, for he suddenly rememered that the young clerk occupied an apartment in the building, so he quickly added: "But Mr. Har and rooms here and he should have been called."

"He was called, sir, but he failed to espond, because he had fled, and I may as well tell you plainly, sir, though would spare your feelings, that I entertain a grave suspicion which I am sure is shared by Mr. Paxton."

"What do you mean?" demanded the broker.

"That circumstances seem to indicate that Stuart Harland is John Oakburn's murderer!" replied the police sergeant.

CHAPTER III.

Marion Oakburn dreaded, and to prevent which she had besought Judith Kredge to preserve silence regarding the unexplained departure of Stuart Harland, was made.

The police sergeant was responsible for formulating the dreadful arraignment into words, but in the minds of the others present it could scarcely be doubted that the same suspicion had found a lodgment.

It is an age of distrust No man's past is regarded as a bond for his future. Men whose reputations were spotless yesterday are buried in the mire to-day. The temptation of gold outweighs the honor and honesty of men who until the denouement comes are re garded as above suspicion.

But Jason Garrison would have staked

his life upon the innocence and honor of the man to whom he meant to intrust the future happiness of his only child. As the police sergeant pronounced the name of Stuart Harland the broker

leared to his feet. "Never, sir! Never! Do not dare to couple Stuart Harland's name with a crime in my presence," he cried.

"Stuart Har and is as innocent as I am. I know it, I feel it. He is not capa-ble of a d'shonorable deed," said Marion, earnestly seeking to exculrate the sus pected one.

"You see, sir, even the daughter of the victim of this tragedy is assured of the innocence of the man you accuse, said Garrison.

"And permit me to say that you are entirely wrong in thinking that I share your suspicion of Stuart Harland," said Paxton, the detective, smiling blandly. "Indeed, under the circumstances, I am convinced of his innocence," he added.

The police sergeant seemed amazed. circumstances are all against him; it cannot be any one else," he said,

defiantly.

"Good, keep on thinking so and work on that line. The way will be clear to enable me to secure the real assassin,' said Paxton pleasantly.

"We shall see. I have placed a shrewd man on Harland's track and he will be arrested before morning.

"I wish you joy of your capture, I am sure," retorted Paxton. Jason Garrison turned his back upon the detective and the police sergeant with an expressive gesture, and strode

to the side of the dead man.

Long and earnestly he gazed upon the face of the dead, and the man of the world was deeply moved as he thought that this poor man, who had served him with surprising fidelity for long years, had perhaps met his fate in defense of his property.

"Poor John, poor John!" he said. "He was one of the few men who are honest from principle alone. He was honored and he leaves behind him a reputation of which any man might well be proud.

Then, turning to Marion, he added: "Mis- Oakburn, the memory of your father will be respected by all who knew He died as he had lived-faithful to his duty and an honest man.' The dead cashier's daughter was

strangely agitated, but her face became transformed with a look of heroic resolve as she said:
"My father so lived that when he was dead men might speak of him as you have done. His soul would have revolt-

ed at any other destiny. His memory

shall be revered." There was something fierce and startling in the intensity of the giri's voice, and her manner was that of one in a strangely excited mental state. But her hearers, with perhaps one exception, attributed her excitement and her strange manner to emotions occo-

murder alone. Paxton was the only one present not of this opinion, and he covertly watched the cashier's daughter with a sudden augmentation of interest. The detective possessed many serviceable qualifica-tions for the vocation he had adopted, not the least valuable of which was the faculty of discerning the cause of human emotions, and he felt that Marion Oakburn was now actuated by some powerful feeling which the others did not suspect

But even his acumen could not determine what the secret feeling was. "If I am any judge of character, this young woman possesses rare strength of will and tenacity of purpose. When she declared that her father's

memory should be revered she spoke as though there was a danger that it might be reviled—as though she felt called upon to protect his memory from odium. Ah, if you hold a secret, Marion Oakburn, you will know how to preserve it inviolate," re-

flected Paxton.

There was nothing more to be done now, and the police sergeant stated that his men would guard the office until morning, and that nothing should be disturbed until the inquest, which would

be held the following day.

Mr. Garrison assured Marion of his friendship and that she might rely on him for any needed assistance. At such a time as this, of sorrow and affliction, the most kind and sympathetic

words seem hollow and meaningless, and Marion was in such a state of doubt and trouble that she scarcely heard the broker's kindly remarks. The office was left in charge of two police officers, who were to watch beside the dead until the dawn, and Marion

crept, cold and shivering, to her room, while Judith Kredge sought her own apartment. But there was no sleep for the cash

ier's daughter that night. She sank wearily upon her couch, and there remained thinking a thousand troubled thoughts, experiencing a thousand doubts and the torture of one great Day was at hand, and the light of the

lamp was turning pale, while the morning mists began to disappear, and the sunlight fell upon the window panes, when at last Marion started up. She knelt as if in prayer, and while her back was turned to the door, it opened noiselessly and the evil face of

Judith Kredge peered in upon her for a moment. When Marion arose she said in selfcommunion:

"I will not turn back now; I do not wish to do so. Cheerfully will I make any sacrifice that may be demanded, and I am sustained by the thought that in all I have done, I have been actuated by

a noble purpose.

"But cli mstances have arisen of which I had be thought. Oh, what adverse fate dected Stuart Harland to leave the hous this night of all others, and the most that he has done? I can in the way that he has done? I can only hope that he will explain his conduct so as to exonerate himself from all suspicion. But what if circumstantial evidence should prove powerful enough

endanger his life-Marion paused abruptly, and a shudder traversed her frame from head to

"I trust-I pray it may not come to such a crisis as that," she added, pres-

At that moment Marion heard a faint sound outside her chamber door, and, suspecting that some one was listening there, she glided to the door and suddenly threw it open.

She came face to face with Judith

Kredge, who was crouching at the key-Marion's face flushed, and her dark eyes flashed, as she cried imperatively: "So you are eavesdropping. What do you mean by such conduct? Begone, in-

stantly! I shall not retain you in my For a moment Judith Kredge shrank away with a guilty look on her repussive features, but suddenly she turned upon Marion fiercely and clutched her arm.

"Look at me, girl!" she hissed. yes, they killed your father. I know the truth. You are in my power; in my power, my proud beauty! Ha! Ha! Now discharge me if you dare!"

Judith Kredge flung Marion from her,

and crossing the hall entered her own

Marion reeled back with a frightful exression on her face, and she muttered: "What shall I do, what shall I do! This is worse than all the rest."

Meanwhile, when Jason Garrison left his office in company with the police sergeant and Detective Paxton at the conclusion of the investigation, at the scene of the crime, he repaired at once to his own home, where his daughter Edna, who had been informed of the murder when her father left the house, anxiously awaited his return.

Jason Garrison was a widower, and all his affection centered on his only childhis daughter Edna, who returned his love with a wealth of filial devotion. The broker admitted himself to his

residence by means of a latch-key, but in the hall he staggered like a drunken man as the thought came back to his mind with renewed force that he was ruined-that even his home, which sherered 3 beloved child, he could not

is own. Crushed and broken, he groped his way to the library, but Edna, listening at her door, heard his familiar steps and came down to meet him.

The eyes of love are prematurely sharp, and Edna saw at a glance that some great misfortune had befallen her father. He sank into a chair and Edna knelt beside him and sought to induce

him to tell her all. Reluctantly then he told the story of the murder and the robbery, but he did not mention the terrible suspecion which had fallen upon Stuart Harland, for he wished to spare his daughter the cruel

intelligence as long as possible.

"And so I am ruined," said the broker tterly in conclusion. "Surely it is not so serious as that. Your creditors will grant you time?'

Edna asked.
"No, no. You do not know them. My pressing creditors are Pratt and Weeks. They will be merciless. I had hoped the sale of my Colorado property would enable me to realize more than sufficient to tide over this financial crisis, for as I have told you gold has been discovered in many parts of Gilpin County, where my land is situated. I had counted on receiving the money for the property, eighty thousand dollars—the price almost agreed upon with a Denver firmthis very week. In a letter which came to hand on Thursday last, my agent informed me that he expected to close the sale and remit me a draft by the twentythird, that is to-day. But this evening I received another communication from my agent stating that the proposed sale could not be consummated, for prospectors, who had secretly explored my claim, reported that there was no trace of gold on it. This disappointment means more than you can dream. I am n a situation of peril which I dare not confess, even to you, my child," said the Vainly Edna tried to induce her father

to confide in her. He would say no remember how that man Pratt ooked at me with his bold, impudent eyes, when I looked at him. His glance

made me shiver," she said.
"Coward that I was. He demanded an introduction, and while I knew he

was not nt to make your acquaintance, fear made me weak enough to present

him to you," answered the broker. "And I am in this villain's power. Pratt and Weeks have deceived me; set traps for me and involved me in specu-lations which were swindles concocted with the cunning of arch-fiends to evade all legal consequences. These men find their victims among the oldest operators on the street, and my experience did not

save me," he added.
"But the stolen money may be recovered. You have not told me. Does not suspicion rest on anybody?" asked Edna.

Her father hesitated. "Speak, father. Why do you seem so agitated?" she said. "I would spare you pain and anxiety. The worst for you, my child, is yet to

"I do not comprehend; what do you mean? In a few words he told of the suspicion which the police sergeant had declared against Stuart Harland.

Edna was justly indignant and she treated the accusation with scorn. Stuart will explain the cause of his midnight departure. When he is heard, a shadow of suspicion will not remain upon him," she said, with a loving woman's sublime faith.

"I should tell you also that Paxton, the detective, did not agree with the police sergeant. In the face of all the circumstances which caused the ser-geant to suspect Stuart, he declared his belief in the young man's innocence. Paxton is a wonderful man, and I am sure he has formed some theory which he believes will overthrow the hypothesis of the police sergeant. In that thought I find a hope for Stuart's salvation, even though circumstances should further combine to tighten the coil of suspicion about him," the broker said.

Father and daughter were parted for the night, but like Marion Oakburn, Jason Garrison was sleepless. He paced his room until dawn and once he muttered:

"I have taken an awful risk and yet profited nothing. I was mad. The risk of discovery remains suspended over my head like a sword hung by a thread. He struck his breast and paused abruptly in his rapid walk as he said, "Can

Stuart have suspected me?"
At that moment the young man of whom he spoke was in the custody of detectives who had arrested him on a railway train.

Circumstances were combining and developments were transpiring which were destined to make the secret of John Oakburn's murder one of the most remarkable, mysterious, and interesting of modern detective cases.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# TEMPERANCE.

BRAINS WANTED.

A humorous fellow in a tavern late, Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate; The surgeon with his implements and skill, Searches the skull deeper and deeper still, To feel the brains and try if they were sound; And as he keeps ado about the wound, The fellow cries, "Good surgeon, spare your

pains; When I began this brawl I had no brains."

A PRACTICAL TEST. Two young physicians practicing in a hospital were much taken with Dr. Ainstie's theory of the food value of alcohol. In good faith ory of the food value of alcohol. In good faith they set about a personal demonstration, taking the doctor's "safe dose" instead of their usual rations of eatables three times a day. By the end of three days they were hardly able to crawl up and down stairs; they had each lost six pounds of flesh and they were altogether so miserable that they were glad to return to their usual diet and discard alcohol.—W. C. T. U. Bulletin.

SALOON VERSUS CHURCH. The saloon sets itself against the church, and is wonderfully efficient in undoing the good work the church tries to perform. See how in every effort the church makes she is thwarted by the saloon. Her divine mission is to lead men to a higher and purer life. To do so she must have, as material to work with the naturel man with all his human. with, the natural man with all his human qualities, his reason, his freedom of will. If there is one peculiar achievement that drunkenness can pride itself on, it is its facility to deprive man of his reason and to rob him of his free-will; and to make a Chris-tian out of a constant drunkard is like making bricks without straw, or trying to build a solid structure on the running waters.— Rev. A. P. Dovle.

MAMMA DID NOT WANT TO BE SEEN. The pastor went to call at a house. He rang the front door bell. It was not answered. He tried the lock on the front door, but the door did not open. Presently a child came from the back entrance. "We cannot open the front door to-day," she said. "Mamma would like you to come around to

the back door," He obeyed. He found "mamma" over a wash tub, washing with her right hand, holding the baby in her left The hand that she was using in wash ing had one finger done up.
"What is the matter with your finger, Mrs.

Sorrowful At first she hesitated to answer, but by degrees the pastor learned that her husband, in his drunken rage, had bitten the finger

savagely.
"Where is your husband to-day?" also the pastor asked.

The little child answered, "He is lying on the floor, in the front hall, up against the door. Papa is sick to-day." "Oh, what a curse is this curse!

INCREASE IN INTOXICANTS. The Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler claims that so-cial drinking customs are on the increase in our country, and he adds: "The decanter is stealing back again on to the dinner tables of people from whom we should expec or people from whom we should expect better things. Intoxicants are more freely offered at weddings and in social gatherings. Club life is becoming more popular, and there are very few clubs that are under restrictions of total abstinence. Betting and bettiles are the two concomitants of the football actions are the two concomitants. ball matches and rowing matches which attract thousands of our college students. This is a sorry picture in view of all the efforts of the various wings of the great tem-perance army. We wish we could believe that Dr. Cuyler was mistaken when he so wrote, but we fear that he is correct. As to methods of overcoming the evil the doctor says that to prohibit the sale of intoxicants is bootless so long as the use of intoxicants is on the increase. He wants to see a tremendous arousing of public conscience all over the land. No one can sound out as effective a clarion call on this cubject as Dr. Cuyler, and we hope that he will cry aloud and spare not.—Independent.

INTERMITTENT LEINKING.

There would be little use in my describing what I believe to be the cause and the course of intermittent drinking, unless I set forth my experience as to the various methods in use to check or cure the disease. It may be asked: "Has not a man a will power, and can he not of his own volition abstain from what he knows to be simple self-destruction? answer, unhappily, must be that a man who has fairly fallen into the drink habit, whether constant or intermittent, has scarcely any will power while the fit is on him, and as have said, each fit leaves his will feebler and less able to withstand the temptation of a sedative of which he has proved the power, and of which he is too prone to forget the danger.

The intermittent drinker, as soon as he has abstained for a few weeks, forgets the dis-astrous effects of his last attack. He believes himself as temperate and discreet a man as any of his friends who takes his pint bottle of claret at dinner and seldom takes more. He does not see why he should not do likewise. It is the hardest thing to convince an intermittent drunkard, who is able to abstain for a period, that he can never, by any chance, become a moderate drinker, Neverchance, become a moderate drinker, Never-theless the principle of his drinking is dis-tinct from that of a moderate man. If he tries to return to his two or three glasses of claret he is absolutely certain to go on to his secret "nip" of brandy or of whisky, and his "nips" will increase and he will find himself back again on the old road to ruin. The patient, if he really wants to be cured, must learly make up his mind that it must be total abstinence or self-destruction, gradual, perhaps, but none the less sure.

## A BIG CHURCH.

UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE NEW BROOKLYN BAPTIST TEMPLE.

Greater Seating Capacity Than Any Other Church in the Metropolitan District-Will Be Open Day and Night.

ORK on the new building for the First Baptist Church, corner of Third avenue and Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, is being pushed rapidly, and it is thought, declares the New York World, that the structure will be completed even sooner than the builder anticipated. It will be known as the Brooklyn Baptist Temple, and the Rev. Cortlandt

Myers will be retained as pastor. The temple will have a larger seating capacity than that of any other church in Brooklyn or even New York. In fact there are only about half a dozen other churches in the United States that can seat as many people as the new building will accommodate. The main feature of this church is The mortar in the old buildings is so economy. It will have cost when en- hard that it seems almost a part of the tirely completed less than \$70,000. This sum has already been raised by the congregation, and there will be no debt on the building when it is completed.

G. W. Kramer and B. H. Simonson, are the architects. They pla. ed a porous; the beams were hewn out of structure in the Norman Gothic style. | the heart of the tree and were not |

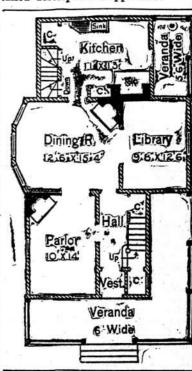
church is to be kept open from early in the morning until late at night. The reading and other rooms of the church are to be in constant use, forming practically a home in the church for all those who desire to come together for prayer, Christian intercourse or mutual improvement. Although Mr. Myers has been pastor of the First Baptist Church for only about two years, he has made it one of the most popular and strongest churches in Brooklyn. Unlike the Baptist Temple in Boston, the Brooklyn edifice will be used for none other than church purposes.

### HOUSES PAST AND PRESENT.

Advantages of Both Styles, With Plans for a Modern Residence.

(Copyright 1895.) Whenever a house that has stood for many years is finally demolished, there are many cries that "our forefathers build better than we." It is undoubtedly a fact that there was greater honesty of construction in the old days than at present, and that the materials used were generally better. stone or brick; it was not made with a plenitude of sand, a modicum of cement, and so it has never crumbled under wet weather as does the modern mixture. The old bricks were better burned and seemed more flinty than It is being constructed of rain-washed slender joists sawed like planks, the

of the modern low cost houses, and would refer to the design illustrating this article as a type. A somewhat de tailed description is appended:



Width throughout dining room and brary, 26 feet 6 inches; depth, including veranda, 45 feet 10 inches. Heights of stories: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet.

Exterior materials: Foundations,

THE BROOKLYN BAPTIST TEMPLE.

brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, and hewn beams having twice the length stone to grade and brick above grade; will have a frontage of 100 feet on of life that sawed timber has, the ax first story clapboards; second story Third avenue and 130 feet on Scher- leaving a glaze on the surface of the and roof, shingles; gables, panels and merhorn street. It will be three stories | wood, closing the pores. Iron played | shingles; floors of balconies covered in height, and will have a tall, square little part in the older buildings, with heavy canvas. tower at the corner where the streets structural iron work being a late apintersect. There will be nine en- plication, but wherever metal was ter; hard white finish; soft wood trances on the avenue front and on the used at all it was of the best. Plumb- flooring and trim; main staircase ash; street side of the building, each opening from a vestibule directly opposite

the foot of an aisle. The main auditorium, which will be arranged to seat 3000 people, will be reached by easy tiers of steps, both on the interior and exterior of the building. The steps to the entrances will be broad and the doors wide and high. The first floor of the church will be eight feet below the level of the street, and will contain a large hall to be used for prayer meetings or lectures, and so arranged as to accommodate 1000 people; a drill room for members of the Boys' Brigade, commodious diningrooms for sociables, reading-rooms and library rooms for the King's Daughters, young men's parlors, accommodation for the Ladies' Aid and Dorcas societies, work rooms for mis-

sion work of all kinds and toilet rooms. It is intended to have members of the Sunday-school assemble in the main auditorium, after which they will retire to class rooms underneath the gallery, where rooms are to be formed by an ingenious arrangement of poles and curtains. Before the regular church services begin these will be placed out of sight, leaving no evidence of the auditorium having

been used for anything else. The main floor will be entirely surrounded by a large and deep gallery, in which there will be seating accomodations for the congregation, except in that portion directly over the pulpit platform. In a semi-circular recess back of the pulpit platform will be placed the large \$10,000 organ, which has been removed from the old church at Pierrepont and Clinton streets and which is now in storage. It is the biggest organ of any church in Brooklyn. In front of and at its sides there will be a space for a chorus of 200 voices, which it is intended to organize under the leadership of Sig. J. C. Brocolini, the choirmaster at the church. Just beneath the organ loft there will be placed a white marble baptismal pool, with retiring room on

each side. Adjoining the main auditorium on the Schermerhorn street side will be the assistant pastor's study and the church offices. There will also be rooms on the opposite side of the auditorium. In the rear of the main building there will be an extension three stories in height and twenty-five feet square. On the first floor of this extension will be the kitchens, pantries and the store rooms of the church.

It is designed to cover the entire structure with one roof, forming a pointed dome. The dome will be covered with enamelled, mottled Roman tiles. There will be no obstruction in the auditorium to mar its grand proportions. On both of the street sides of the structure there will be large rose and mullion stained glass windows, with scriptural and emblematic designs. The interior finish of the church will be in hard wood in natural colors and handsomely fres-

coed plaster. To the pastor, the Rev. Cortlandt Myers, is due the credit of the new church's many original features. The | tendency we can trace the popularity | ative builder.

(When completed it will have a greater seating capacity than any other church in New York or Brooklyn.) ing and gas fixtures were honestly cast picture molding in principal rooms and finished and fitted by hand and and hall, first story; kitchen and not stamped out by machinery. There | bathroom wainscoted; all interior were wide halls, easy stairs, generous woodwork grain filled and finished fireplaces and solid, substantial wood-

work. These were undoubted advantages his house for himself, taking little thought as to whether it will serve his children or his children's children. The conditions of modern life prevent the exercise of great foresight for one's descendants in this regard. The diverse interests of business make society largely migratory, and owing to the rapid growth of our cities there is a constant shifting of population. So it would be worse than useless to build a house in any city with the expectation that it would be occupied by three or four generations of the builder; and it is the general and wide recognition of this fact that prevents the erection of such solid and enduring structures as our forefathers put up. We can afford to sacrifice some-

thing to sightliness in detail, in cost and construction. The essential matter of all receives far more attention now than ever before-that is, sanitary condition. Solidity of masonry and joinery cannot take the place of sealed drains, perfect ventilation, good lighting and heating. In the old days every builder was left to his own devices with conscience as his sole mentor; now the most rigid laws prescribe the things that are essential for health and safety and leave the builder perfect freedom

only to gratify his aesthetic tastes. Holding our tenures as we do, with American's attachment to locality is not a conspicuous trait, for there is not a people on earth boasting a high



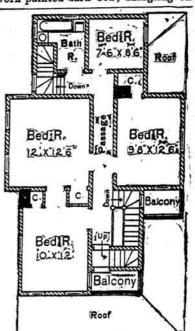
civilization and intelligence who are such a roving race.

The writer does not make the state-

Interior finish: Three-coat plas-

Colors: All clapboards and spindle

with hard oil varnish. work of balconies, fawn; trim, inin the old style and many of them cluding water table, corner boards, might well have been retained; still casings, cornices, bands, veranda there is no justice in continually de- posts, rail, etc., Tuscan yellow; outcrying modern building. It is true side doors, blinds, sashes, stiles and that the man of the present now builds rails of panels, dark green; brickwork painted dark red; shingling on



side walls and gables stained sienna;

roof shingles stained dark brown. The principal rooms, their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by floor plans. Cellar under whole house, with inside no privilege of entail to posterity, the and outside entrances and concrete floor. Attic floored for storage purposes; open fireplaces in parlor and dining-room; brick set range in kitchen; folding and sliding doors between dining-room and library and parlor and dining-room. Bathroom with complete plumbing; ample veranda and closet room. Stationary washtubs could be introduced in kitchen or a separate laundry planned in cellar. Double doors may be introduced connecting parlor and hall. Servant's room may be finished in attic. Open fireplace could be planned in library. The veranda space may be increased or diminished without affecting the artistic appearance of the

design. This house may be built as described for \$2700, not including mantels, range and heater, the estimate being based on New York prices for materials and labor, though in many sections of the country the cost should

be much less. This is a thoroughly modern house in all that the term stands for as to healthfulness, perfect sanitary condition, and that it is not calculated to last for a hundred or two years is no drawback to those who admire the plan, as the economy in arrangement ment in a fault finding way, but to of rooms and general idea brings it show that in the erection of buildings within a limit of cost that is not utility is our chief object, and to this alarming to even the most conserv-